

# SHACKLES PUT ON JEFFERSON DAVIS

By Order Of Gen. Miles,  
Says Capt. Titlow.

## HUMILIATION WAS RESENTED

By President Of Confederacy,  
Who Fought Fiercely  
With Captors.

### HE DEMANDED DEATH INSTEAD

(By Mrs. L. M. Cheshire.)  
Washington, D. C., Aug. 21.—Shame, and not fame, is the everlasting portion for Gen. Nelson A. Miles as the man who had shackles put on Jefferson Davis while he was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe.

Notwithstanding the fact that Gen. Miles has endeavored in every way possible to place the blame for this deed on the shoulders of other parties, on the ground that he was simply carrying out instructions in placing the President of the Confederacy in irons, the facts are decidedly against the General.

Assistant Secretary of War Dana had been sent to Fortress Monroe, on the 22d of May, 1865, bearing an order from Secretary Stanton to Gen. Miles that if "you think it necessary you can have Davis and C. C. Clay manacled." After Mr. Dana reached Fortress Monroe and made an investigation, he wired Secretary Stanton that he had not issued the order to have Mr. Davis and Clay placed in irons, that Gen. Halleck was opposed to it; but that Gen. Miles had been instructed to have fetters ready "if he thinks them necessary." Gen. Miles was to act on his own volition, and he thought it necessary to have Davis manacled, and the day after the instructions or authority had been issued—May 23, 1865—President Jefferson Davis was put in irons.

Capt. Jerome B. Titlow, Company K, Third Pennsylvania heavy artillery, who was the officer of the day at Fortress Monroe, gave out this authentic statement, which was read before Lafayette Post No. 20, G. A. R., Washington, D. C.:

"I found Jefferson Davis occupying casement No. 2, in the first row; C. C. Clay, fourth casement, in same row; John Mitchell, casement No. 6, same row, the embrasures of which were closed with heavy iron bars looking out of the moat or ditch, which was about six feet wide.

"In the casement were two sentinels and a lieutenant of the guard, all under lock and key, the officers of the day having charge of the keys. I was detailed as officer of the day for next day's duty. I relieved Capt. Blispham and reported to Gen. Miles for orders in regard to the prisoners. His orders were to hold no communication with them except what was absolutely necessary.

"I found Davis a man of few words and those tinged with bitterness. It having been reported to Gen. Miles that Davis was moody and morose, the General gave me orders to search the prisoner thoroughly and to take everything away from him, money and anything that he would be likely to do himself harm with. I went to Davis' casement and told him that I had orders to search him. He complied with some reluctance and contempt. He first turned his pockets and handed me some \$280 in Confederate notes and \$50 or \$70 in gold and silver, some keys and a very handsome pocket knife. I noticed a silk cord around his neck under his undershirt. I said, 'Mr. Davis, what have you there?' After some little hesitation he drew it from under his undershirt; attached to a cord was a small silver Catholic medal. He pleaded with me to let him retain the medal, as it was a gift from the Pope of Rome. After some little hesitation I concluded to let him keep it. After turning over the effects to Gen. Miles I reported what I had done in regard to the medal, and the General said, 'That is all right; he cannot do much harm with that.'

"During all the time that the prisoners were at Fortress Monroe there was considerable newspaper talk and whispering that there was an expedition forming to rescue Davis. On the morning of May 23, 1865, I was again detailed as officer of the day and again reported to the General as the new officer of the day. The General said he had special orders for me as to Jefferson Davis; having heard it rumored that morning that Davis was to be put in irons, Gen. Miles showed me a part of a letter from Secretary Stanton, in which he said if he thought the safety of Davis required it, he

could put irons on him, or words to that effect. The matter was left optional with Gen. Miles as to whether Davis should be put in irons or not.

"Just before sundown I sent my orderly out for the blacksmith to meet me with leg irons at the casement. As I entered the garrison Davis was sitting on the end of his cot, or hospital bed, reading his prayer book. As he looked up I said, 'Mr. Davis, I have an unpleasant duty to execute, at the same moment, seeing the blacksmith with the irons, he asked, 'You do not intend to put fetters on me?' 'Those are my orders,' I answered. 'Those are my orders for a slave; no man with a soul in him would obey such orders. I shall never submit to such an indignity,' was his answer. He then asked if Gen. Miles had given that order, and said he would like to see Gen. Miles. Davis asked that the execution of the order be postponed and that I telegraph the President in his name. I said, 'Mr. Davis, you are an old soldier and know what orders are.' His reply was, 'I am an old soldier and know how to die. Let your men shoot me at once,' pointing to the sentinels.

"As the blacksmith stooped to place the clasp of the shackle around his ankle, Davis struck him a violent blow that threw him on the floor. He recovered at once and made for Davis with his hammer and would have struck him if I had not caught his hand. A moment after that I saw Davis and one of the sentinels struggling, both having hold of a musket, Davis just below the shank of the bayonet. The next instant the sentinel had wrenched the musket from Davis' hand. I at once ordered the soldier to his post and reprimanded him for leaving it.

"I now saw that there would be trouble, so I ordered the officer of the guard to go out and get four of the best men of the guard without side arms and have them report to me at once. Four stalwart soldiers made their appearance and as the foremost advanced Davis struck him, when all four instantly closed in on him and shoved him on the cot. The prisoner showed unnatural strength. It was all the four men could do to hold him while the blacksmith riveted the clasp around his ankle, his helper holding a sledge hammer. The clasp was locked with a brass spring lock. Just as I was going out Davis raised from his cot, threw his feet on the floor, and, with the clanging of the chain, he gave way. He shed tears, but not a word had he to say to anyone. Two hours after I called to see the guard and found Davis lying on his cot. I then unlocked the shackles, he taking off his clothing and locking them again himself. He seemed to be entirely broken down. The next morning I found him very much indisposed. I suggested to Gen. Miles to have a doctor, and consent was given.

"On the 27th or 28th of May the shackles were taken off of Davis, and he never wore them after that. About the 24th of June the guards were removed from the prisoner's quarters, and Gen. Miles gave permission for the prisoner to have books out of the post library. On that day Gen. Miles accompanied me to Davis' quarters. As we entered I remarked to Davis that the General had given him permission to have books out of the library. He then deliberately turned his back on Gen. Miles, and said, 'The General is here are chiefly on military matters.' I felt embarrassed at the way I was addressed in the presence of Gen. Miles, and said, 'The general is here and he is conversant with the library.' Davis paid no attention to my remark, and asked, 'Captain, I suppose you have Bancroft in the library?' Gen. Miles asked, 'Who is Bancroft?' Davis turned his face toward Gen. Miles, with the very picture of contempt on it. I at once said, 'We have Bancroft's History of the United States.' Davis said he would be pleased to have it to read. After that, when I would visit him in his cell he would make the remark, 'Do you suppose your General has found out who Bancroft is, by this time?'

To Dr. Craven, who was attending physician at the fort, President Davis, speaking of the damning deed, said:

"My physical condition rendered it obvious that there could be no idea that fetters were needful to the security of my imprisonment. It was clear, therefore, that the object was to offer an indignity, both to myself and to the cause I represented—none the less sacred to me because covered with the pall of a military disaster. It was for this reason that I resisted as a duty to my faith, to my countrymen, and to myself. It was for this reason I courted death from the muskets of the guard. The officer of the day, Capt. Titlow, prevented that result, and, indeed, he believed like a man of good feeling."

Usually the man who shakes the tree gets the least fruit.

# STUDIED DISEASE ---FATAL TO SELF

Tragical Experience Of a  
Noted Physician.

## THE PLAGUE SPREAD BY RATS

Deadly In Most Cases—Every  
Case Costs Municipality  
At Least \$7,500.

### IDENTICAL WITH BLACK DEATH

It is a remarkable fact, confirmed by many observations, that many physicians who have devoted considerable labor to the study of a particular disease have themselves died of that disease. One of the most interesting examples is that of John Daniel Major, born August 16, 1834, in Breslau, a physician and naturalist of no mean ability. Bitten early by the wanderlust, he studied at Wittenburg, took courses at many of the schools in Germany, and finally went to Italy where he received the degree of doctor of medicine at Padua in 1860. Returning to his own country, he resided for a short time in Silesia, and in 1861 married at Wittenburg, Margaret Dorothy, a daughter of the celebrated Sennert. The following year his young wife was stricken with plague and died after an illness of eight days. Distracted by his loss, Major wandered up and down Europe studying plague wherever he found it in the hope that he might discover a cure for the disease which had bereaved him. Spain, Germany, France and Russia were visited by him. He settled in 1865 in Kiel, where he was made professor of botany and the director of the botanical gardens. He made frequent voyages, however, always in quest of the remedy for plague. Finally in 1893 he was called to Stockholm to treat the queen of Charles the Eleventh, then ill with plague. But before he could render her any service, he contracted the disease and died on the third of August.

The bubonic plague of to-day is identical with the black death of the Middle Ages. Primarily a disease of rodents caused by a short, dumb-bell shaped microscopic vegetable, the pest bacillus, it occurs in man in three forms—the pneumonic, which has a death rate of almost 100 per cent.; the septicaemic, which is nearly as fatal, and the bubonic, in which even with the most modern methods of treatment the mortality is about 50 per cent. It is a disease of commerce, spreading around the globe in the body of the ship-borne rat. It is estimated that every case of human plague costs the municipality in which it occurs at least \$7,500. This does not take into account the enormous loss due to disastrous quarantines and the commercial paralysis which the fear of the disease so frequently produces.

The disease is now treated by a serum discovered through the genius of Yersin. This is used in much the same way as is diphtheria antitoxin. Plague is transferred from the sick rodent to the well man by fleas. The sick rat has enormous numbers of plague bacilli in its blood. The blood is taken by the flea which, leaving the sick rat, seeks refuge and sustenance on the body of a human being to whom it transfers the infection.

Since plague is a disease of rodents and since it is carried from sick rodents to well men by rodent fleas, safety from the disease lies in the exclusion of rodents, not only exclusion from the habitation of man but also from the ports and cities of the world. Those who dwell in rat-proof surroundings take no plague. Not only should man dwell in rat-proof surroundings, but he should also live in rat-free surroundings. The day is past when the rodent serves a useful purpose as the unpaid city scavenger. Rats will not come where there is no food for them. Municipal cleanliness may be regarded as a partial insurance against plague. The prayer that no plague come nigh our dwelling is best answered, however, by rat-proofing the habitations of man. Modern sanitary science has evolved a simple and efficient weapon against the pestilence which walketh in darkness and striketh at noonday, and the U. S. Public Health Service has put this knowledge into practical operation and thus speedily eradicated plague wherever it has appeared in the United States.

### Remarkable Reptiles.

During the time of deposition of the clays constituting the Morrison shale in southern Colorado there existed a great variety of remarkable

reptiles of huge size. Their bones, which are in places abundant, are the remains of animals that were mired in the soft clay of which the Morrison formation largely consists. Some of these creatures, such as the Brontosaurus, were 60 feet long. Many of them had remarkably small heads, notably the Stegosaurus, which had so diminutive a brain that it must have been very stupid. This animal was undoubtedly very clumsy also, but its huge size and protective armor aided in its preservation.—[U. S. Geological Survey.]

## SAVING THE ROADS IS AN IMPORTANT MATTER

The greatest question in Kentucky is not in building new roads but in saving the old ones, not in spending millions in construction but hundreds of thousands in maintenance that the millions put in new roads shall not be wasted. There is more real prudence and economy in taking care of what you have than in anything else that can be done. This applies with equal force to the roads as it does to your business or to your farm. There is nothing more recklessly extravagant than to build good roads and then let them go to wreck and ruin for the lack of proper repairs. The editor of the News urged a maintenance clause in the original State aid bill. We have urged it ever since. It was turned down by the powers that be in the last Legislature, but it will not be turned down by the next Legislature. The people have at least had their eyes opened to the great need of maintenance. They see the common sense and economy of taking care of the roads as they understand the importance of taking care of their personal possessions. Already many good roads, well built under the State aid law, are beginning to show need of proper repair. The counties must look after this matter until the next Legislature meets and the county which fails to do it simply wastes the people's money in building good roads. This is a matter which should be attended to after this fall and all roads should be thoroughly repaired to stand the winter. You cannot afford to neglect a road any more than you can afford not to feed your live stock.—[Elizabethtown News.]

### A Doctor's Remedy For Coughs.

As a cure for coughs and colds Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey combines these remedies in just the right proportion to do the most good for summer coughs or colds. A trial will prove the value of this splendid cough medicine. Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey soothes the irritation, stops your cough, kills the cold germs and does you a world of good. A 25c bottle will more than convince you—it will stop your cough. At druggists.—Advertisement.

### A NEW "FORD" STORY IN REGARD TO SPEEDING

A certain man bought a Ford car. He let it stand in front of his house while he went to dinner. When he came back he found one of his many friends looking it over who said to him: "Jones, your Ford has no speedometer."

"That's all right," replied Jones, "it don't need a speedometer." "Well," inquired the friend, "how do you tell how fast you are going?" "Oh, that's easy," said Jones, "when I go ten miles an hour the fenders rattle, when I go twenty miles an hour the windshield rattles, and when I go thirty miles an hour the chassis rattles."

"But," said the friend, "how do you tell when you are going forty miles an hour?" "Well, when I go forty miles an hour a little Billiken comes out of the hood and sings 'Nearer My God to Thee.'—[Montgomery News.]

### A Revival Of Ministry.

"Mister Interlocutor, can you tell me why a brakeman on a freight train is like a minister?"

"No, I cannot, Mr. Tambo. Will you tell us why a brakeman is like a parson?"

"Because they both do a lot of coupling."

"Very good, Mr. Tambo. And what have you to say this evening, Mr. Bones?"

"What is the difference between an organist and a man who is passing a garbage wagon, Mister Interlocutor?"

"One knows his stops and the other stops his nose."

"As soon as the gentlemanly ushers have gathered up the arms and legs and eyes and ears from the aisles and the coroner has viewed the mangled remains, Mr. Sandy Pypies will render that pathetic ballad, 'Hurry Up and Leave the Bathroom, Sister Mary. Wants to Shave.'—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A lot of folks say they have no apologies to make when the fact is they are merely too stiff-necked to make them.

## WANTED—A MAN.

"We want a man," says a big corporation, advertising in this newspaper. Well, let's see; what sort of a man does it want?

A lazy man, a shirker, a clock watcher? No. It says he must be an "energetic hustler." No fellow who is looking for an easy job, for a soft snap, need apply.

A man who has become flat-chested, stoop-shouldered and sickly from dissipation? No. The very first requirement mentioned in the advertisement is that he must "possess vigor."

A man who is content to drift with the tide? No. It says he must have "enthusiasm and ambition," and the word ambition is in capital letters. Also, he must have "earnest purpose and common sense."

A grouch, a cross-tempered, uncivil man? No. The advertisement states that he must have a "good personality," which means that he must be a likable man, a man whom other many men will respect.

A college man? Not necessarily. "A fair education" is all that is required.

A man of loose character? No chance. He must have a "clear record."

A diffident, bashful, timid man? No, sir. This job is not for him. No good job is or ever was for the shrinking, self-effacing, you-go-first sort of a man. That kind never arrives. This job is for a man "with full confidence in his own ability," and that accomplishment is left for the last punch in the advertisement.

What's the pay? There's no limit. Go as far as you like. The man who can fill this bill is the kind that goes to the top, and they're scarce as hen's teeth. Big business is hunting for this kind; and rewards them. A firm in New York advertised recently for a man to fill a hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year job and did not find him.

There are plenty of the other kind, though. Plenty of the ten-dollar-a-week kind; so many thousands of them that they gang around the bottom rungs of the ladder.—[St. Louis Times.]

### City and Country.

"My wife," said the city man with a tear dimpling in his voice, "has gone to the country to look after the cows and the garden."

"Yes," responded the commiserating friend, "and you, I suppose, will stay in the city and look after the chickens."

As a general thing, the men who bet on the election don't know any more about it than anybody else.

### "What Congress has done concerning a

## Government Armor Plant

and what people are  
thinking about it"

as reflected in  
Editorial Comment

This is the title of a booklet we have prepared. We shall be glad to send a copy free to any one interested.

Bethlehem Steel Co.  
South Bethlehem, Pa.

## FOR SALE---FARM, HORSES, CATTLE.

Saturday, October 7, 1916, I will offer my 85-acre farm on Pond creek, 1/4 mile of Green river, 2 1/2 miles from Rockport and Martwick coal mines, both fine markets, 2 miles of Paradise P. O., church and good school near; good roads to the highways; fine neighborhood; No. 11 coal opening. Seventy acres of this land is improved for farming, good clean bottom lands, suitable for sulky plow cultivation. Farm well watered, a 6-room house with verandas and fine cellar. Water of good pressure in house and barn (45x70) from inexhaustible cistern on hill. Cribbs and outbuildings are substantial and ample. There is a fine orchard of 6 acres, and about 10 acres in hardwood timber. Have a 4-year-old Wilkes stallion, well proven; 4 good brood mares, 6 colts of 2 years and under, 1 work mule, 30 head of hogs, 18 head of cattle, cows and common stock. All kinds of Farm Tools, Hay Balers, Sulky Breaking Plow, Blacksmith Tools and shop. Terms made known on day of sale.  
THOS. A. SMITH, Paradise, Ky.

## July--August Sale!

Special Prices on Metal Roofing, Rubber Roofing, Woven Wire Fence, Screen Wire, Screen Doors, Glass, Paints, Varnishes, and Roof Paint.

Write for prices.

Fordsville Planing Mill Co.  
(INCORPORATED)

JAKE WILSON, Mgr.

FORDSVILLE, KY

## BE OPTIMISTIC

Here's Good News For Hartford

### Residents.

Have you a pain in the small of the back?

Headaches, dizziness, nervous spells?

Are you languid, irritable and weak?

Annoyed by urinary disorders? Don't despair—profit by Hartford experiences.

Hartford people know Doan's Kidney Pills—have used them—recommended them.

Here's a Hartford resident's statement:

J. A. Baird, farmer, R. F. D. 5, Hartford, Ky., says: "I had been troubled with sharp twinges across my loins, together with kidney weakness. As I heard Doan's Kidney Pills highly recommended, I got a supply from the Ohio County Drug Co., One box cured me."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Baird had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

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BEAVER DAM, KY.

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Beaver Dam, Ky.

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We get Supplies for all cars on short notice.

When in Beaver Dam look us up. We are open day and night.

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Beaver Dam, Ky.

PARKER'S  
HAIR BALM  
A toilet preparation of merit.  
Helps to eradicate dandruff.  
For Restoring Color and  
Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.  
50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

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